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**Because One Has a Racquet In One's Hand**  
it doesn't necessarily mean that one is equipped for sports. There's a "long, long trail" to cover as far as one's wardrobe is concerned—a sport skirt, a sweater, tennis shoes, and all that sort of thing. But if you want to take a short cut to that long trail, visit our Third Floor Fashion Sections, where sports clothes may be found in such variety that choosing will be a quick and satisfactory matter.

### A Symphony of Skirts

Strikes new harmonies in the matter of sports costumes. Any one of them would inspire a woman to plan something different—they are so different themselves. To see skirts of two-toned Georgette crepe, soft and billowy as a breeze, skirts of silk shot crepes and lustrous satins, skirts with embroidery in unexpected places, is to understand that the skirts this season are unlike anything shown heretofore.

### An Unexpected Alliance

of fabrics appears in a charming white skirt. Large squares of gleaming silk shot crepe are woven at wide intervals in Georgette crepe. The girdle and band at the bottom are of the heavy irregularly ribbed silk. Such a skirt requires but a simple dainty blouse worn with it and an afternoon costume of unusual charm will be achieved. \$29.75.

### "All That Glistens"

may sometimes be a soft and wonderful shimmering fabric, such as baronet satin or tricolette. There are some exquisite skirts of these two materials. The colors of the baronet satin skirts range from the most delicate pastel tint to the most daring and vivid sport shade. Something new in a tricolette is one of white with border and bindings of navy tricolette. It is smart!

Notes—Third Floor, Centre.

### As for the Sweaters

It is difficult to exhaust in a word something that took months to plan and create. That is why, rather than telling you about a collection of sweaters so varied in styles and weaves and fabrics that it would take a chapter to describe them, we invite you to a delightful sport exhibition that is on display on the third floor. Everything from a knee length sweater to a slip of a sleeveless slip-over is included.

Notes—Third Floor, 34th St.

### And to Play the Game

whatever your favorite might be, we have golf clubs, balls and bags, tennis racquets and balls, and all the paraphernalia for aquatic sports.

Notes—Fifth Floor, 34th St.

## 'Red' Handbills Provide Clew In N. Y. Blast

Continued from page 1

permitted but few of the curious persons who accumulated to pass their lines. Even residents of the houses in the block were not permitted to loiter, and with a clear street Inspector Eagan directed the men of his bureau in a minute search for scraps of evidence. They found little beyond the bits of flesh and cloth of what was William Bochner.

### New York Sends Detectives

From Police Headquarters First Deputy Police Commissioner Lahey dispatched two of his detectives to Washington, two to Philadelphia, two to Paterson, N. J., and two others to the Middle Western cities in which explosions occurred. They were all instructed to keep their superiors here informed of developments in the search being made in those cities. The two sent to Washington were instructed to forward photographs and minute data on a laundry mark attached to a bit of cloth picked up near the home of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer.

Beyond that the police officials here were searching their heads and putting the search up to the Philadelphia police, for it is their theory that the bomb plot was hatched in that city. As for Commissioner Enright and Deputy Lahey, they both were too busy to discuss the explosion.

Judge Nott received the news of the explosion by telephone at Black Point, Conn., his summer home. After ascertaining that Mrs. Nott, who was in the town house when the bomb exploded, was suffering only from shock and fright, he caught the first train into New York yesterday morning. He spent the day at his home directing the activities of carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers and glaziers who sought to restore the wrecked portions of the house.

### "Hanging Too Good," Says Judge

"I am all at sea," said the judge as he related, countless, in the basement of his home after several hours of hard work, improving cloth coverings for the empty window frames of the house.

"There have been no bomb crises tried before me since the Cathedral case. These men, Frank Argon and Carmine Carbone, sentenced to Sing Sing by me, are still in prison to the best of my knowledge. Friends of theirs would hardly have waited this long to avenge them."

"I have had no threatening letters since I was in the District Attorney's office as an assistant—not for years. A few months ago when it was reported that the police had information that judges of New York courts were possible anarchist targets, I cautioned my wife not to open the door in response to rings of the bell at night."

"My feelings toward creatures who would explode a bomb in a house containing women and children are too violent to print. Hanging would be too good for them by far."

"My wife had come to town alone to get a cook. It was just good fortune that she escaped being killed."

"It was only a few nights ago that the caretaker, John Bjorkgren, his wife and their seven-year-old girl, Agnes, moved their sleeping quarters from the front basement rooms to an upper floor of the house. This bit of luck saved their lives, for this morning their old sleeping rooms were filled with debris."

"I regret very much the death of poor old Bochner. I had known him long as a faithful watchman."

"As for the men responsible, I have no more clew to their identity or their reason than they themselves have outlined in the circulars they left behind them when they left the bomb."

The stone steps of the Nott home were cracked right down the centre by the explosion and sank down in the middle, so that all collapsed when the police yesterday morning pulled and tugged at a few stones that still supported them.

### Havoc Wrought by Bomb

The heavy ornamental stone over the door crashed down into the sunken arway of the paved front yard of the Nott home. The front doors and the front walls of the vestibule were blown in. The inner steps were torn and splintered. Half a dozen of the back boards of the steps were blown inward, away from the red carpet that covered them. A plaster lion in a niche at the top of the steps was wrecked, but a large mirror in a gilt frame hanging on the wall just inside the vestibule door was intact. Hinges from the doors, however, were found imbedded in the wood of the steps, and an oil portrait of a member of Judge Nott's family, hanging in the hall behind the stairs, was riddled and torn.

The drawing room was a wreck of plaster and splintered woodwork and furniture. Some of the furniture had been blown clear through the house into the back yard. Among these bits were a table and chair.

The upper floors of the house were badly torn up and the cracks in the walls testified to the force of the explosion, which, as Mrs. Nott said, fairly made the house rock.

### Nearby Houses Damaged

Except for plate glass windows in a store at the corner of Third Avenue and Sixty-first Street, not an unbroken window remained in the front of the houses on the south side of that back in Sixty-first Street.

Directly across the street in a second floor front furnished room lives Mrs. Josephine Muckensturm, wife of a chauffeur. She said yesterday:

"I was unable to sleep last night because of the heat, so I sat in a chair before the window until some time after 12:30."

The police have fixed the time of the explosion at 12:55, because the hands of the clock in the Nott hallway stopped then.

"I could see the stoop of the Nott home and my curiosity was aroused by the presence on the top step of two women. My husband and I are sure they were there about 10:30 or 11

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o'clock, and I am certain they were still there when I retired.

"One of them sat with the light of the street lamp streaming on her face. She was young, about twenty-two, and wore a white shirtwaist and dark skirt. I could not see the other very well, but she appeared to be older."

"My husband and I commented on their presence and I decided that, like myself, they were unable to sleep because of the heat. Earlier in the evening I had noticed Dr. McKew's daughter on his steps, next door, but they had gone in when these women first drew my notice."

"Fifteen minutes or so after I climbed into bed the explosion occurred. I had no idea what had happened, but glass was tinkling down on us from the windows. The street was filled with a great cloud of dust and smoke, but I was too frightened to look out of the window. I have no idea about the women or what they were doing, but the police have questioned me several times, and very closely, to-day about them."

Dr. John J. McKew lives in 153 Sixty-first Street, next door to Judge Nott. Both families have lived there for years.

### Scoffs at Woman's Story

Dr. McKew was inclined to scoff at the story of Mrs. Muckensturm. He said:

"The lady must have been watching my daughters, although they retired much earlier than the latest time fixed by her."

"When I am kept up late by patients my girls sometimes pass my office door and shout 'Goo goo!' and this is an invitation for me to advance money for ice cream for all of them. This little ceremony was gone through as usual last night."

"First, let me say, I don't believe there were any women on the steps of Judge Nott's house, because if there had been the watchman would have questioned them, because the occupants of the house were well known to him. Everyone who slept in Judge Nott's last night has told of going to bed early."

"My daughter Queenie was wearing a white shirtwaist and dark skirt last night. She is only sixteen years old, but the woman across the street must have been describing my daughters. Marguerite was also on the steps. Both of them, I believe, retired about 10:30."

"I wasn't especially startled by the explosion, but plastering was falling all over the house. My wife and I looked out into the street, but couldn't see anything but smoke and dust. There was an odor of burning rubber in the air."

"This explosion will cost me about \$1,000, for I shall have to rebuild my stoop. It all but collapsed. Not long ago when the police let it be known that they feared New York judges might be made the victims of bomb outrages I was talking to Judge Nott. I said to him: 'You are no kind of a neighbor for a man with a retiring disposition.' He laughed and said he guessed we were in no danger, but I

am now wondering why the police failed to take precautions if they were expecting this sort of thing."

Diagonally across the street from Judge Nott's house, at 158 East Sixty-first Street, is the Motor Transport Club, the "mess" of officers of that branch of the army who are stationed in New York.

Captain W. T. Kilborn and Lieutenant Augustus Martin were in their beds in the front second floor room of the club when the bomb exploded. Their windows were wide open. The first shock was not finished when something hurtled through the window, splashed across a mirror and landed on the captain's bed. He flashed on the light and was stricken with horror when he saw that the missile was a portion of a human head.

"All of the officers here are inclined to believe the explosion was one of TNT," said Lieutenant Martin yesterday. "All of us are accustomed to explosives, but, of course, we do not want to take issue with an expert. However, the force seemed to be up rather than down, as would be the case with dynamite. The smoke was a dark white, but so mixed with dust that it was difficult to determine exactly."

Inspector Eagan said that nearly every one he talked to who had seen the smoke cloud described it as white or yellow.

"It would be hard to fix the color definitely at night," he said, "but TNT smoke would be black. Dynamite smoke is yellow. It was dynamite, and about twenty-five pounds of it. Where did they get it?"

"They may have bought it in a hardware store somewhere or gone into a drug store and with a handful of change bought the ingredients and made it themselves."

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## Boehner Was Martyr to Duty, Family of Watchman Believes

That William Boehner, the night watchman who was blown to bits by the Nott bomb, died in an attempt to prevent the explosion is the confident belief of his family.

"The fact that my father's body was so completely destroyed shows he was standing right over the bomb when it exploded," William Boehner, Jr., elder son of the dead man, said to a Tribune reporter yesterday at the Boehner home, 871 Brook Avenue, Bronx. "Thirty minutes before the explosion he was seen passing Judge Nott's home, and since he usually took thirty minutes to complete one round, he doubtless was approaching the bomb just before the accident."

"Our theory is that he saw that something was wrong and went up to investigate. Probably he noticed the bomb and took a chance on being able to get it out where it could do no harm."

One of the residents of the block where the explosion took place telephoned to the Boehner family yesterday morning, saying she had seen the watchman about ten minutes before the explosion, apparently on his way to Judge Nott's home.

Boehner is survived by a widow, Caroline, and two sons, William, Jr., and F. George Boehner. George, the younger son, is married and has a child two months old.

The family first heard of the disaster at 1:30 yesterday morning, when they received a telephone call from Detective Oswald, of the Homicide Squad, asking that the two sons come to Sixty-first Street and see if they could find their father. All that they could find were two pieces of his coat-sleeve and his keys. The single key that was not bent completely out of shape was identified as that of Boehner's small safe.

The sleeve and the keys, coupled with the fact that Boehner has not come home, form the only evidence that the watchman was the man who died. The body was completely destroyed. Boehner's family, however, is convinced that it was he.

Boehner had guarded the vicinity of Judge Nott's home for nineteen years. He was in business for himself under

the name of the Boehner Manhattan Night Patrol. He seldom employed any one else to guard his district except on special occasions, such as weddings, when his sons often helped him. The wealthy residents and the police officials of the district knew him well. Each of the three stripes on the sleeve that was found represented five years of service in the neighborhood.

On Monday night Boehner left for work forty minutes earlier than his usual hour, to see that everything was quiet on his beat. He was accustomed to leaving early about once a week.

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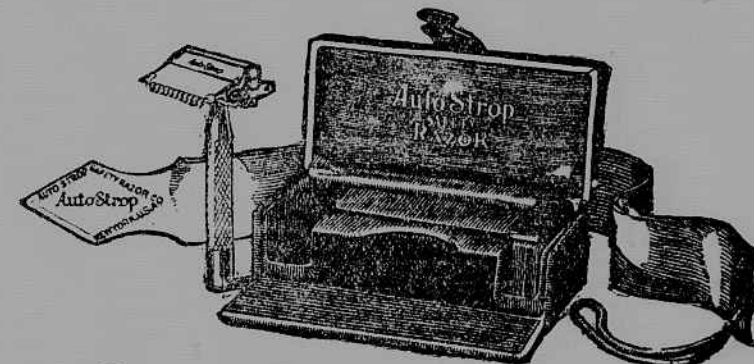
use, each with the sharpest, finest kind of a cutting edge. To keep these blades keen-edged as when new, the AutoStrop Razor is made self-sharpening.

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New York Toronto London Paris



## AutoStrop Razor — sharpens itself

500 clean, comfortable shaves from every dozen blades guaranteed

paper published in New York, and all kinds of 'Red' pamphlets. Their publications cannot be sent through the mails on account of the law, and express companies refuse the business. So they have to scatter the sheets by automobiles.

"An anarchist by the name of Rabindro made a direct appeal in the May number of the 'Rebel Worker' to the radicals of the country. He did not advise 'dynamite' in so many words, but his order for violence can be read plainly enough between the lines. The May first 'jobs' did not work out as expected and so the switch was made to planting bombs personally."

"The anarchists gave warning they would make protest against the imprisonment of Debs, Haywood, Emma

Goldman and others, and they are carrying out their threats."

Captain Metheson said the Police Department is co-operating in every way possible with the Department of Justice in running down the gangs that are doing the bombing.

"This is too big a thing for one police department or a number of police departments to handle," said Captain Metheson.

"The only way to stamp out the terrorist propaganda is through the Federal government, with its comprehensive machinery covering the entire country. The radicals have taken advantage of the unsettled industrial conditions following the war to try to win over the thousands of discharged soldiers to their tenets of violence."

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